

One of the City's Own

I. THERE were ructions in the counting-house of Tatterton & Dewhurst. One or two junior clerks had received a more or less well-deserved "wiggling," and there was a general feeling of gloom to follow.

At last a small office boy entered the clerk's office and said in a shrill voice:

"Mr. Redbolt is to go to the governor at once."

There was a mischievous grin on the young gentleman's face, as if he knew what was coming, and most of the others, delighted at their own escape, chuckled, like many people do when some one else is in trouble.

Joe Redbolt turned just a shade paler when his name was called out, as if he, too, anticipated serious trouble, but he set his lips and stiffened his back, like a man who is going to make the best of a bad job.

"Good-by, Reddie, dear!" said somebody, with an unpleasant sneer. "If the governor gives you a rise, don't forget to stand drinks."

"Reddie looks worried!" murmured the cashier.

"Perhaps she has refused him after all," remarked another.

A moment later he was in the private office. Young Mr. Dewhurst, who had managed the business since the death of his father, gave him a furtive look as he entered, and then turned hurriedly to a bundle of correspondence by his side and selected a letter with an air of malicious satisfaction.

The two men formed an odd contrast. They were of about the same age—28 or perhaps 30—but it required no great insight to perceive the difference in their characters. Redbolt was tall, straight-built and frank-looking; his principal was small, insignificant and obviously one of nature's sneaks.

One could imagine Redbolt being foolish, but never cowardly; one could imagine Mr. Dewhurst being sly, but never generous. The interview was unusual; there seemed to be something in the background about which neither man spoke. Mr. Dewhurst was clearly master of the situation, and resolved to use his power; his managing clerk looked self-reliant, but perfectly respectful and polite.

The bell was opened by Mr. Dewhurst unfolding a cantankerous complaint from an unimportant customer. It was the merest trifle, and quite unworthy of the occasion. Nevertheless, Joe Redbolt was by no means surprised at the tone adopted. For some time past the smallest opportunities had been seized for fault-finding, and he knew by instinct that the climax had been reached.

"How do you account for this blunder?" said Mr. Dewhurst suspiciously.

His clerk gave a simple, straightforward explanation, which, to a reasonable man, would have been sufficient.

But Mr. Dewhurst was not in a reasonable humor.

"It appears to me, then, that you are not in any way to blame, Mr. Redbolt?" he said cynically.

"I think not."

"You never make a mistake?"

"Not very often."

"Who is to blame, then?"

There was a moment's silence, and the two men looked into one another's eyes.

"You are, sir," said Redbolt, respectfully. "I acted under your instructions."

This appeared to give the unworthy little tyrant his opportunity.

"You are more than half impertinent!" he said roughly.

"I give you my word I didn't intend to be so," said Redbolt, with perfect good temper.

"Perhaps not, but I'm tired of it. You forget your proper position, and have crossed my will in several ways."

Mr. Redbolt colored rather painfully, and his principal continued, with a smile of spiteful triumph:

"You understand what I allude to?"

The clerk bowed slightly.

"Then I think you had better look about for another situation."

"Shall we calculate the month from last Monday?" inquired Joe Redbolt, in a perfectly even, matter-of-fact voice.

"Eh, yes," said Mr. Dewhurst. "But I won't ask you to continue your work here."

With that he pushed across the table a little pile of coins, which had been counted out already, clearly showing that he intended from the first to make use of the opportunity.

For the first time Joe Redbolt looked angry. It was adding insult to injury to send him away adrift at a moment's notice, as if he had disgraced himself.

It was the more outrageous because he was a distant connection of the Dewhursts by blood. The two young men had been for a short time at school together. They had entered the firm together, and Redbolt had worked his way up by sheer ability, under old Mr. Dewhurst's eye, to a responsible position.

But Joe Redbolt was generally believed to be the lucky man, and Dewhurst had vented his unmanly spite in a thousand annoyances in the office.

However, in love, as in war, it is the unexpected that often happens. Joe Redbolt proposed, and was refused point blank.

Now most men, when they see a dangerous rival put out of court, bury their animosity and even become generous.

But this was not the case with Fred Dewhurst. Petty annoyances developed rapidly into daily insults, until the morning, as we have seen, he had found an excuse to cut his former school fellow adrift.

II. Joe Redbolt picked up the pile of coins, counted them deliberately and put them in his pocket.

"Now, Fred Dewhurst," he said huskily, "we are no longer master and man, so that I can say what I think."

Dewhurst looked rather alarmed, and drew a small silver bell nearer to his side.

"Oh, don't be frightened!" said Joe, with a smile of astonishment. "I'm not going to thrash you! It wouldn't be fair to hit a man your size!"

Mr. Dewhurst tried to sneer, but only looked mightily relieved.

"I want to tell you what I think of you," said Joe.

"Go on!" said Dewhurst, with a grin. "Seeing that you've had the worst of it all through, I suppose I must mind a few spiteful words!"

"I want to tell you you're the meanest cad I've met, and if that poor girl marries you I'm sorry for her!"

"In fact, you're so sorry," said Dewhurst, "that you'd even marry her yourself! Capital! And, now you've said enough, I'll wish you good-morning."

With a mighty effort of self-restraint Joe pulled himself together, and, resisting the impulse to knock him down, swung out of the room.

He had lost everything—the girl he loved and the means of earning his living. He was alone in the world, with no prospect but that of commencing life again in some counting house, and then suddenly he remembered. Only two nights before he had attended drill at the headquarters of his volunteer corps. The men had been asked which of them wished to join the C. I. V. for the front. He thought of the glow that had burnt through his veins, how he had longed to offer himself, and had only been prevented by his feeling of obligation to his old friend's business. Now he was free!

That settled it. Old England was in need of help from men such as he. He was as sound as a bell in wind and limb; he had done his turn at volunteering and could shoot more than a little.

Within half an hour his name was entered as one of those who were ready for service at the front, and he was ordered to go before the doctor.

That gentleman laughed at him.

"If we get 1,400 men as fit as you are," he said, "we shall do well!"

Having successfully passed all the tests, and been duly enrolled as one of the city of London imperial volunteer corps, he felt slightly easier in his mind.

At last the final moment came. He had attended the service at St. Paul and sung the national anthem until he was hoarse. He had been slapped on the back by hundreds of warm-hearted but heavy-burdened citizens. He had even fought his way successfully through a mob of enthusiastic patriots all the way from Bunhill Row to Nine Elms, where he was one of the first to arrive.

There stood the train waiting to take them to Southampton. There, too, stood the long-suffering band, and every minute groups of breathless, excited men in khaki, who had also fought their way through the crowd, rushed onto the platform.

Of course it was all over. There was nothing to be done but get into the train and say good-by to old London for months—perhaps forever. Once more a gloomy sense of loneliness came upon him. Everybody else had a chum or a relative to see him off. And then—an angel came from heaven? Not quite! But an earthly angel appeared, in the shape of a slight form in a long black cloak, who was pushing her way feverishly through the crowd, eagerly scanning the faces of the "gentlemen in khaki."

Then their eyes met, and in a minute he was clasping in his arms the girl who had refused him a month before and in whose presence he had always been so shy that he had never dared to press her hand.

How had it happened? There seemed no need—and certainly no time—for explanations. Why had he accepted her foolish "No" when she never meant him to? She always thought he would speak to her again. Why had he been so awkward and brusque in the way he had asked her? He had given her no chance to say "Yes."

And it was only last night she had learned what had happened—from Dewhurst's own lips—and she had cried all night at the mischief she had done, and would he forgive her? And did he care for her a little bit?

"Take your seats, there," roared an officer.

It was not the time for mock modesty. With her arms round his neck and tear-stained cheeks pressed to his, she promised to wait for him.

"God bless you!" he whispered. "And God bring you back to me!" she answered.

And then, with cheers and whistles, and the band playing "God Save the Queen," and men shouting and laughing and crying, the train moved out, and the City's Own were en route for the front—Black and White.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK NO. 5547. AT CHICKASHA, IND. TER.

At Close of Business, September 5, 1900.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$89,531.78
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	2,898.39
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	12,500.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds.....	515.43
Stocks, securities, etc.....	639.55
Banking house, furniture & fixtures.....	6,898.62
Due from approved reserve agents.....	24,500.33
Internal Revenue stamps.....	436.85
Checks and other cash items.....	55.59
Notes of other National Banks.....	600.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	45.90
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK VIZ:	
Specie.....	\$2,500.10
Legal-tender notes.....	6,000.00
TOTAL.....	\$182,064.02
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	1,294.45
Due to other National Banks.....	80.74
Individual deposits subject to check.....	\$8,621.08
Demand certificates of deposit.....	\$101,408.83
TOTAL.....	\$182,064.02

INDIAN TERRITORY,) ss:
PICKENS COUNTY,)
I, C. T. Erwin, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
C. T. ERWIN, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of September, 1900.
R. D. WELBORN, Notary Public.
CORRECT—Attest:
D. P. Smith,
Wm. L. Sawyer, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK NO. 5431. AT CHICKASHA, IND. TER.

At Close of Business, September 5, 1900.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$29,350.50
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	2,000.01
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	6,300.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds.....	287.75
Banking house, furniture & fixtures.....	1,844.40
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents).....	5,341.79
Due from State Banks and Bankers.....	769.57
Due from approved reserve agents.....	9,411.04
Internal Revenue stamps.....	199.31
Checks and other cash items.....	138.85
Notes of other National Banks.....	1,575.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	45.13
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK VIZ:	
Specie.....	\$9,001.00
Legal-tender notes.....	\$2,140.00
TOTAL.....	\$68,874.65
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$25,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	132.55
Due to State Banks and Bankers.....	3,184.77
Individual deposits subject to check.....	20,563.33
Demand certificates of deposit.....	20.00
Time certificates of deposit.....	730.00
Certified checks.....	235.00
TOTAL.....	\$68,874.65

INDIAN TERRITORY,) ss:
COUNTY OF PICKENS,)
I, H. B. Johnson, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
H. B. JOHNSON, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of September, 1900.
D. D. SATYER, Notary Public.
CORRECT—Attest:
Webb Hendrix,
R. K. Wooten, Jr., Directors.

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SEPTEMBER 30, 1900.

The Lodge or Church receiving the largest number of ballots will be awarded the Piano

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

The contest will begin MONDAY, JUNE 11.

—AND END—

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1900.

Ballots will be counted weekly, and the result announced in your Daily and Weekly newspapers. Ballots must be deposited in ballot box at Post Office. Mobley & Ray have been employed to superintend the contest.

The ballots to be used in voting in this contest can be had of the following enterprising merchants of the city, each purchase of 25 cents entitling the purchaser to vote for whatever organization he or she wishes, as many times as he or she buys 25 cents worth of goods—

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